Thos. Stowin

LABRADOR,

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By G. C. Esq.

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YOU little thought, after the life I've paſs'd,
That I a Poet ſhould commence at laſt.
How can I, you will ſay, in Nature's ſpight,
Who ne'er found time to read, find time to write?
No matter;——I've a project in my head,
To write, at leaſt, more verſes than I've read.
The whim has ſeiz'd me; now you know my ſcheme;——
And my lov'd LABRADOR ſhall be my theme.

THE Winter o'er, the birds their voices tune,
To welcome in the genial month of June;
Love crouds with feather'd tribes each barren iſle;
On all creation Nature ſeems to ſmile.
Large geeſe and ducks, and nameleſs numbers more,
In ſocial flocks are found on ev'ry ſhore.

A Roving

Roving from iſle to iſle the livelong day,
Loads of triumphant ſpoil we bear away.
Eggs in abundance ev'ry hand picks up;
The day's toil o'er, deliciouſly we ſup.
The furrier now the fox and mart gives o'er,
To trap the otter, rubbing on the ſhore.
The rein-deer ſtag, now lean and timid grown,
In the dark, thick vale, ſilent feeds alone.
The tender willow leaf, and favourite plants,
He's ſure to find in thoſe ſequeſter'd haunts.
His fearful hind, ſhunning the wolf's dire wiles,
Her ſafety ſeeks upon the neighbouring iſles,
Whether in ponds, or near the ocean's ſhore;
Cleaving the liquid waves, ſhe ſoon ſwims o'er.
Now, pond'rous grown, ſhe Nature's law obeys,
And on the ground her weak young calf ſhe lays.
Peaceful ſhe walks, attentive to her care,
Nor miſchief meets, unleſs fell man be there.
(Him, beaſt of prey, nor rock, nor wave, e'er ſtops,)
Mark'd by his well-aim'd gun, too ſure ſhe drops.
Forc'd in the ſummer on young twigs to browſe,
Sagacious beavers quit their ſocial houſe;

Round

Round the broad lake they cruize, nor fear miſhap,
Ah! little think they of the furrier's trap!
The ſalmon now no more in ocean play,
But up freſh rivers ſpeed their ſilent way.
With niceſt art we fix the ſtrong-meſh'd net;
With this the ſtream is carefully beſet.
Few fiſh eſcape; we toil both night and day;
Short is the ſeaſon! time flies ſwift away.

The Eſquimaux, from ice and ſnow now free,
In ſhallops and in whale-boats go to ſea.
Peaceful they rove along this pleaſant ſhore,
In plenty live, nor do they wiſh for more.
Thrice happy race! ſtrong-drink nor gold they know;
What in their hearts they think, their faces ſhow.
Of manners gentle; in their dealings juſt;
Their plighted promiſe ſafely you may truſt.
Mind you deceive them not, for well they know
The friend ſincere, from the deſigning foe.
With ev'ry vice they once were thought endu'd;
With human blood their cruel hands embru'd;

Yet

Yet by my care (for I muſt claim the merit,)
The world now owns that virtue they inherit.
Not a more honeſt, or more gen'rous race,
Was ever found beneath the ſun's bright face.
With theſe I frequent paſs the ſocial day;
No broils I ſee, but all is ſport and play.
My will's their law, and juſtice is my will;
While thus we act, we muſt be good friends ſtill.
Not ſo the Mountaineers, a treach'rous race;
In ſtature tall, and meagre in the face,
To Europeans long have they been known,
And all their vices they have made their own.
As ſoon as ever to your houſe they come,
They quick get drunk, and ſtill cry out for rum.
Factious and noiſy, they will cheat and lie;
Nor are your goods quite ſafe when they are bye.

The codfiſh now in ſhoals come on the coaſt.
(This fiſh'ry is Great Britain's chiefeſt boaſt.)
Now numerous caplin croud along the ſhore;
Yet, many though they be, their foes ſeem more:
Fierce birds, in millions, hover o'er their heads;
Fierce fiſh, in millions, throng their wat'ry beds.

With

With theſe and others, we our hooks diſguiſe,
And ſoon the glutton cod becomes our prize.
No one ſtands idle; each man knows his poſt;
Nor day nor night a moment muſt be loſt.
The weſtern wind of low ice clears the ſea,
And leaves to welcome ſhips a paſſage free.
Yet huge large iſles, of wond'rous bulk, remain;
To drive off which the wind ſtill blows in vain.
Of bulk, ſurpaſſing far thy fane, St. Paul!
Immeaſureably wide, and deep, and tall.
To ſeaward oft, we caſt an anxious eye;
At length th' expected ſhip with pleaſure ſpy.
Impatient joy then reigns in ev'ry breaſt;
And, till we've boarded her, adieu to reſt!
Eager the news to know, from friends to hear,
The long-ſeal'd letter haſtily we tear.
The cargo landed, and the ſhip laid bye,
To fiſhing now the jolly ſailors hie.
If you love ſporting, go to Labrador;
Of game of various ſorts no land has more.
There you may ſuit your taſte, as you're inclin'd,
From the fierce white-bear, to the timid hind.

Of fiſhing too, you there may have your fill,
Or in the ſea, or in the purling rill.
Of feather'd game, variety you'll find,
And plenty you may kill, if you're not blind.
If the ſtrong ſurly bear, or black, or white,
Should moſt your vent'rous heart to kill invite,
In ſummer-time to ſome large ſtream repair;
But mind no ſalmon-crew inhabits there.
(The ſavage tribe, averſe from ſocial joys,
Frequent thoſe parts where they can hear no noiſe.)
There, if a cataract's ſtupendous height,
Shall ſtop the ſalmon in their upward flight,
Bears in abundance will frequent the place,
And huge large ſkins your victory ſhall grace.
Of the black bear you need not be afraid,
But killing white ones is a dang'rous trade.
Then mind, be cool, and well direct your lead,
Be ſure you ſtrike him through the heart or head:
For, ſtruck elſewhere, your piece not level'd true,
Not long you'll live, your erring hand to rue.
To kill the beaſt, the rifle I like beſt;
With elbows on my knees, my gun I reſt.

For ſelf-defence the double-gun I prize;
Loaded with ſhot, I knock out both his eyes.

Or would you rather a ſtout rein-deer kill,
And hot July now in, aſcend ſome hill,
Environ'd by extent of open ground;
For then the rein-deer there are chiefly found.
There walk not much, but from a ſtation watch,
And your quick eye ſhall ſoon his motion catch.
That done, then pauſe a while, obſerve the wind,
Leſt his fine noſe the ſcent of you ſhould find.
Nor leſs his ear and eye require your care,
No beaſt can more diſtinctly ſee nor hear.
Yet oftentimes his eye provokes his fate,
And makes him know his error when too late.
Obſerve the ground, and bear well in your mind
Which way to take, to ſteal at him up wind.
Shoes with fur ſoles you always ought to wear,
Your lighteſt footſteps elſe he'll chance to hear.
A deer, in feeding, looks upon the ground,
Then to advance the ſureſt time is found;
But lying down, he's always on the watch,
And the leaſt motion he is ſure to catch;

Then's

Then's not your time; but wait until he moves,
To ſeek ſuch food as moſt his palate loves.
Impatience oft, has loſt a good fat deer,
But taking time you little have to fear.
If unperceiv'd you've work'd with toil and pain,
Lie ſtill a while, till you your breath regain.
When broadſide to you, and his head is down,
Aim at his heart, and he is ſure your own.
Yet ſhould it chance he keeps on open ground,
Where to approach him ſhelter is not found,
And, night now near, you can no longer wait,
Try this device, it may draw on his fate.——
Juſt ſhew yourſelf, then inſtant diſappear;
It oft will make him gallop down quite near:
He there will ſtop to take a careful view;
Be ready then, and mind you level true.
Obſerve, no ball will kill a deer quite dead,
But what goes through his ſpine or through his head.
If he runs off, yourſelf you muſt not ſhow,
He will not then any great diſtance go.
The heart or arteries ſtruck, death quick comes on;
If thoſe are miſs'd, yet, ſick, he will lie down.

There let him lie: anon, with cautious tread,
Steal ſoftly up, and ſhoot him through the head.

If the voracious wolf ſhould pleaſe you more,
All ſandy beaches you muſt well explore,
Chiefly by ponds, or by a river's ſide;
(In ſummer they in woods delight to hide.)
Take care you do not walk along the ſtrand,
But at convenient place be ſure to land:
His tracks there found, ſtraight hie yourſelf away,
And ſilently his coming you muſt ſtay.
A wolf alone is not your only chance,
Perhaps a bear or deer may ſoon advance.
(Within the tide's-way, when the water's low,
All beaſts along the ſhore delight to go.)
If ſafely hidden, you have nought to mind,
But that they ſhall not have you in the wind.

When Auguſt comes, if on the coaſt you be,
Millions of fine curlews you ſoon will ſee.
And ſuch ſometimes there plenty, if you will,
Without much toil you may a hundred kill.

Let Epicures ſearch all the world around,
Such birds as theſe are nowhere to be found.
Berries they eat; are ſuch delicious things,
They're preſents fit for Emperors and Kings.
Young geeſe you'll now in greateſt plenty get;
(Green geeſe, you know, are very good to eat.)
If you would wiſh with hares to ſport awhile,
You're ſure to find them on each barren iſle;
Unleſs the ſign of foxes there you ſee:
(The fox and timid hare can ne'er agree.)
Ptharmakin, grouſe, and other ſorts of game,
With birds and beaſts I cannot call to name,
You'll find enough the year throughout to kill;
No game-laws there, to thwart the ſportſman's will.

SEPTEMBER come, the ſtag's in ſeaſon now;
(No veniſon like this, you muſt allow.)
No long-legg'd, ewe-neck'd, cat-ham'd, ſhambling brute;
In him, ſtrength, beauty, bulk, each other ſuit.
His branching horns, majeſtic to the view,
Have points (for I have counted) ſeventy-two.

But

BUT do not think you'll all this pleaſure ſhare,
And, when you're tir'd, a good Inn find not far:
No, no; in this our Land of Liberty,
Thouſands of miles you'll walk, yet no houſe ſee.
When night comes on, it matters not a ruſh,
Whether you ſleep in this, or t'other buſh.
If you have got proviſions, you may eat;
If not, to-morrow you'll be ſharper ſet.
Up then, and reſt not, till your game you kill;
A fire then make, ſit down, and eat your fill.
Drink you will want not; you may always find
Nature's beſt tap, when you are in the mind.

THE Salmon now are pack'd, and we take care
The codfiſh quick for market to prepare.
Crews to their winter-quarters now we ſend;
Some fell the fire-wood, nets while others mend.
The ſhips are rigg'd, and ſome are ſent away,
The reſt remain, waiting a future day.

THE Furrier now, with care, his traps looks o'er;
Some he puts out in paths along the ſhore,

For foxes there; although not yet in kind,
Their ſkins repay our toil we always find.
And where the beaver lands, young trees to cut,
Others he ſets to take him by the foot.
On rubbing-places, with the niceſt care,
Traps for the otter he muſt next prepare.
Then death-falls in the old tall woods he makes,
With traps between, and the rich ſable takes.
To ſhoot himſelf a gun's fix'd for the bear;
Nor deer, nor wolf, nor wolvering we ſpare.

Now caſt your eyes around, and you ſhall ſee
Some yellow leaves on ev'ry birchen tree,
Th' effects of nightly froſt: and as you go,
Mark, on the mountain tops, the new fall'n ſnow.
Now winter comes apace, you plainly ſee;
You read his progreſs on each fading tree.
Fiſh, fowl, and veniſon, our tables grace;
Roaſt beaver too, and ev'ry beaſt of chaſe.
Luxurious living this! who'd wiſh for more?
Were Quin alive, he'd go to Labrador.

Some

Some new variety next month you'll find.
The ſtately ſtag now ſeeks his much-lov'd hind.
Grown bold with love, he ſtalks along the plains,
And e'en to fly from man he oft diſdains;
But points his well-arm'd head, his ſtrength he tries,
And, if he hits him, he moſt ſurely dies.
Yet fear him not; no beaſt's a match for man;
Mere brutal courage ſhall itſelf trapan.
Be cool, collected, let him come quite near,
Place right your ball, and you have nought to fear.
Though not kill'd dead, mortally ſtruck, he flies,
Grows ſick and faint, then down he drops and dies.
If deer-paths to attend you make your care,
In ſlips you'll now hang many a good fat deer.

All this is pleaſure; but a man of ſenſe
Looks to his traps, for they bring in the pence.
The otter-ſeaſon's ſhort, for ſoon the froſt
Will freeze your traps, then all your labour's loſt.
Of beaver too, one week ſhall yield you more,
Than later you can hope for in a ſcore.

In paths the foxes now will nightly cruize,
The paths ſnow'd up, no longer they will uſe.
The eider-ducks fly ſouth along the ſhore,
In milder climes to paſs the winter o'er.
At ſome fit point then take your ſecret ſtand,
And numbers you will kill from off the land.

NOVEMBER's here: all ſhips muſt now be gone,
Or frozen up before this month be done.
The ponds are now, rivers will ſoon be faſt,
And, 'till mild May returns, this ſcene will laſt.
Nets for amphibious ſeals we next prepare;
In ſhoals they'll come, ſoons as the froſt's ſevere.
Hamper'd in ſtrong-meſh'd toils, in vain they ſtrive,
And little it avails them they can dive.
Strangl'd, they die; their fat produces oil;
And tons of it ſhall well reward our toil:
Their ſkins we ſave, for nothing muſt we loſe;
(Seal ſkins will cover trunks; are good for ſhoes.)
By Chriſtmas day this work is always o'er,
And ſeals and nets ſafe landed on the ſhore.

Now

Now comes grim winter, clad in froſt and ſnow,
So keen, none dare his face uncover'd ſhow.
But well wrapt up, we can walk out ſecure,
Find health and pleaſure in an air ſo pure.
Shift now your fox-traps on to barren ground,
That drifting ſnows may not your art confound.
Bait, and conceal them well with equal care;
The foxes then will fall into the ſnare.
Wolves too, ſhall there be yours, for on ſuch ground
The wolves, in queſt of deer, will then be found.
Now to his cave the Black Bear hies away,
Where, ſleeping ſound, he ſpends both night and day.
Not ſo the White one, whoſe voracious jaw,
Fat ſeals muſt have to ſatisfy his maw.
Though fierce and ſtrong, his ſize immenſe ne'er mind,
So you've a dog will ſeize him faſt behind.
There teaz'd, he roars, and foams, and turns him round,
Till your ſure ball his head or heart has found.
But, ſhould the cur ſeize forwards, his thick head
The forfeit pays, and you will ſoon be dead.

The ravenous ſly wolf, in queſt of prey,
Now ever on the prowl both night and day,

The timid herd deſcries, creeps up quite near,
Then ruſhing forward, ſingles out his deer.
With well-ſtrung nerves they both maintain the ſtrife,
For food the one, the other runs for life.
If light the fleecy ſnow, the deer gets free;
If drifted hard, the wolf ſoon up will be.
Then, bold with fear, the deer turns on his foe,
And oftimes deals him a moſt deadly blow.
Or, as he runs, his hind foot gives a ſtroke,
From which, if rightly plac'd, no wolf e're woke.

Look out to ſea, from yonder mountain's top,
Of water you'll not ſpy one ſingle drop.
All's rugged ice; old ocean, bound in chains,
Is firm as land, and ſo long time remains.
Now ſhift the ſcene; into the woods let's go;
And what is doing there I'll quickly ſhew.
In yon birch grove there lives a cooper's crew,
(For many caſks we want each year quite new.)
The ſmall trees ſerve for hoops, the large for ſtaves,
And they will do much work, if they're not knaves.
And this ſpruce-wood, that towers unto the ſky,
The Fiſhery's future ſhipping ſhall ſupply.

Theſe fell the trees, thoſe ſquare and ſaw the ſtock,
The reſt work on the veſſel in the dock.
Though thick theſe woods, and deeply fill'd with ſnow,
Think not without good game you yet ſhall go.
On rabbit, grouſe, ſpruce-game, and porcupine,
With little trouble you each day may dine.

In theſe employments winter's paſs'd away,
No change is found till near th' approach of May.
The ſun now growing hot, unleſs you mind
Well to defend your eyes, you will be blind.
The melting ſnow freezes again at night;
The luſtre that it caſts, as diamonds bright,
Inflames your eyes, o'erpower'd with too much light.
And now the ſealers render out their oil;
The fat, well chop'd, in iron pots they boil.
Returning ſmall-birds now the country fill,
And cock-grouſe chatter on each barren hill.
The ice parts from the ſhore, and then the ducks
Their northward courſe beat back in num'rous flocks.
Deer, in ſmall herds, the ſame rout bend their way,
And ſome of each ſort you may kill each day.

All animals their winter-quarters leave,
And ocean, now awake, begins to heave.
Ice rotten grown in ev'ry pond you'll ſee,
And ſwelling rivers from their bonds get free.
With ſledges now, the woodmen, on the ſnow,
Their work draw out, and glibly they will go.
What's yet to do, muſt inſtantly be done,
For other works muſt ſhortly be begun.
The winter-crews muſt now no longer ſtay,
But in their boats bring all their work away.

In toils and ſports like theſe the year goes round,
And for each day ſome work or pleaſure's found.
And now, to finiſh this long taſk of mine,
For each day in the year behold a line.

NOTES.

NOTES.

Line 9th. "The winter o'er," &c. The ice in the harbours of Labrador generally breaks up between the 16th and 31ſt of May, but I have known it continue until the 15th of June.

Line 11th. "Love crowds," &c. On the coaſt of Labrador there is an infinity of ſmall barren iſlands, each of which is generally inhabited by a large flock of eider-ducks, or other water-fowl, which breed there.

Line 17th. "Eggs in abundance." Some few gull's eggs may be found in May, but the ducks ſeldom lay before the firſt of June, and, by the tenth, eggs are moſt commonly ſo plentiful, that five of my people have gathered upwards of four thouſand, and ſhot above an hundred ducks in a day.

Line 20. "To trap the otter rubbing." There are certain places on the ſhores of both the ſalt and freſh waters which are frequently made uſe of by otters to rub themſelves, and reſt upon after fiſhing, and are called rubbing-places; on thoſe places the furriers ſet their traps.

L. 21. "The rein-deer ſtag." The deer are exceedingly poor at this ſeaſon of the year, and the males reſort chiefly to the ſmall valleys where willow and alder grow, as they love the leaves of thoſe ſhrubs when young and tender.

L. 25. "His fearful hind." The hind, or female rein-deer almoſt always goes out upon an iſland to calve, to get out of the way of the wolves, which are not very fond of taking the water. As the country is full of large ponds and lakes with ſmall iſlands in them, and there are an anfinite number of them on the ſea-coaſt, they are never at a loſs for one. The rein-deer will ſwim to a great diſtance, and with ſurpriſing ſpeed.

L. 36. "Sagacious beavers." The ponds being now frce of ice, the weather warm, and vegetation ſhooting forth apace, beavers do not pay any great regard to their houſe, but often ſleep on the banks of the pond, under a buſh; and, as they eat nothing but vegetables, they now fare ſumptuouſly, as every thing is in its prime.

L. 43. "Few fiſh eſcape." We moor our nets in the rivers in ſuch a manner that but few fiſh can miſs them, and thoſe that get in meſh and are ſtrangled. They come in ſuch great abundance, that the people can ſcarcely be allowed any reſt during the height of the fiſhery; the ſeaſon laſts about ſix weeks, ſometimes two months; I have known nine of my people kill 1320 in one day, each fiſh fifteen pounds on an average.

L. 45. "The Eſquimaux." Theſe peole generally cruize along ſhore all the ſummer, in order to procure a better ſupply of proviſions, and alſo to trade with Europeans. Until I became acquainted with them, they took every opportunity of robbing and murdering ſtrangers; but, by living much among them, learning their language, and taking much pains with them, they are now become perfectly gentle

and honeſt. I have alſo been fortunate enough to make peace between them and the Mountaineer Indians, with whom they have now a friendly intercourſe, though formerly they never failed to aſſaſſinate each other whenever an opportunity offered. I muſt do the Eſquimaux the juſtice to ſay, that they are as good-tempered, humane, friendly and honeſt a race of people as I ever ſaw; and I have been acquainted with a great number of nations. It is incredible how cleanly they are grown, and how much they are altered for the better in every reſpect ſince I firſt became acquainted with them; and at the ſame time have not imbibed the vices of Europeans. Very few of them will touch ſtrong liquors, and I hope they never will be taught to drink, for that is the ruin of all Indians. I have known moſt remarkable inſtances of gratitude and honeſty among them; ſuch as would do honour to the moſt civilized nations.

L. 65. "Not ſo the Mountaineers." A race of Indians who inhabit the inland parts, and ſubſiſt entirely by hunting. Having long been intimate with the Canadians, they are become great proficients in European vices.

L. 73. "The codfiſh now." As ſoon as the ice goes off the coaſt, the fiſh come in in the greateſt abundance.

L. 75. "Now numerous caplin." A caplin is a fiſh very like a ſmall ſmelt; it has the ſame ſmell and taſte; there is an infinity of them, and they are moſt greedily devoured by all larger fiſh, and all fiſhing birds, which are very numerous in that country. They are the beſt bait for cod.

L. 83. "The weſtern wind." The whole ocean is covered with low ice, about ten or twelve feet thick, to a great diſtance from the ſhore, from Chriſtmas till June and ſometimes later; it commonly breaks up in May, and being driven off ſhore by the weſterly winds, is dragged to the ſouthward by the current, occaſſoned by the prodigious quantity of freſh water pouring into the ſea from all the rivers, brooks, and hill-ſides, and there diſſolved.

L 85. "Yet huge large iſles." I have known them to be above ſeventy fathoms under water, and proportionally high.

L. 108. "Salmon crew." Thoſe who are employed at a ſalmon fiſhery.

L. 110. "Hear no noiſe." The coopers make ſo much noiſe in trimming the caſks, as greatly to diſturb all wild beaſts; beſides they are offended by the ſmell of the ſmoke, and ſalmon are very ſcarce in thoſe rivers where a ſalmon-crew lives, the nets being placed below the falls and ſhoals where the bears uſually fiſh.

L. 116. "Dang'rous trade." A White Bear is a very ſavage beaſt, and, if provoked, will attack a man with great fury; he ſtrikes with his fore-foot, and his ſize and ſtrength are ſuch, that there is no parrying the blow; and having knocked his antagoniſt down, he then either pounds him to death with his foot, or bites him. I have heard of one killed in the Straits of Belliſle, which weighed twenty-five hundred

hundred weight *. If ſhot through the heart, lungs, or arteries, within the thorax, they are intimidated, and inſtantly run off; but immediately attack a man if wounded any where elſe.

L. 123. "Double-gun." A double-barrelled gun loaded with ſhot is the beſt weapon in the world to defend one's ſelf againſt the attack of a bear, for, by ſhooting him in the eyes, he is completely blinded.

L. 143. "But lying down." I believe a rein-deer is never found aſleep, and I always obſerved that they are much more difficult to get near when lying down than at any other time.

L. 157. "Juſt ſhew yourſelf." If any object catches the eye of a rein-deer, his curioſity to make out what it is, commonly prompts him to go ſtreight up towards it, within an hundred yards or leſs. I have killed ſeveral by giving them a ſhort glimpſe of me, when I could get no nearer without being diſcovered.

L. 172. "In ſummer." Wolves chiefly keep in the woods in ſummer-time, and are fond of walking along a ſandy beach by the ſides of rivers or ponds, or even the ſea-coaſt, if there be woods cloſe to the back of it.

L. 184. "Millions of fine curlews." Theſe differ from the European curlews in not being half the ſize. They are the fatteſt and moſt delicious-flavoured bird in the known world. They generally make their firſt appearance on or about the fourth of Auguſt, and continue in great abundance for about ſix weeks, but ſome few may be met with later; I once killed one late in October. They fly about the hills in flocks of a thouſand, or more, juſt as grey plover do, with whom they will often aſſociate. They feed entirely on berries.

L. 194. "Barren iſle." The hares are the mountain, or white ſort, which always keep on the barren hills or barren iſlands on the ſea-coaſt. They are in general eight pounds weight, and, when in ſeaſon, will be ſo fat as to have their ribs and haunches covered with it. The fleſh is much whiter than red hare, and not ſo dry.

L. 203. "No long-legg'd." The rein-deer is as beautifully made as a horſe, only that his neck is lean like that of an aſs.

L. 206. "Seventy-two." The Earl of Dartmouth has a head with ſeventy-two points, which I found in Labrador.

L. 217. "Drink you will want not." No country in the world is furniſhed with a greater quantity of rivers and brooks than Labrador, nor is better water to be met with any where.

L. 219. "The ſalmon." As ſoon as the ſalmon are brought on ſhore, they are ſplit, waſhed in the river with a hand-mop, and then ſalted into tubs or caſks, where they

* Of the many that I have killed, none weighed above twelve hundred weight, or ninety-ſix ſtone.

they remain (ſunk under the pickle which is made by the ſalt and juices of the fiſh) until the fiſhing ſlacks; they are then waſhed clean in ſome of their own pickle, put into teirces of 42 gallons, ſome freſh ſalt ſtrewed on them, well trod down, headed up, and the caſk filled with pickle at the bung.

L. 226 "In paths." The foxes are fond of cruſing along the ſhore, in order to pick up dead fiſh or birds; and, by conſtantly walking along the ſame track, they beat paths in which the furrier places his traps, neatly ſunk into the ground, and covered ſo that nothing ſhall now appear.

L. 227. "Although not yet in kind." The furrier's term for out of ſeaſon. Foxes are not in ſeaſon before the end of November, and, until they are, will only fetch half price, but, by that time, the path work is pretty well over.

L. 231. "Rubbing-places." See note on line 20.

L. 233. "Death-falls." A deathfal is a trap made of ſticks, one of which falls on the back of the creature, and kills it, in the ſame manner as the common wooden mouſe trap.

L. 235. "To ſhoot himſelf." A gun is fixed under a ſhed built for the purpoſe with a ſtring to the trigger, to the end of which is faſtened a piece of bait, which is ſo placed that when the bear ſeizes it the muzzle of the gun muſt be cloſe to his breaſt; we kill many bears this way.

L. 259. "If deer paths." The deer, by conſtantly travelling in the ſame direction, at particular ſeaſons of the year, beat paths for themſelves; when therut comes on them, they reſort to the barren hills, and are continually moving about; therefore this is the beſt time to catch them in ſlips, which are ſnares of rope or wire three fathoms long, and are placed in the paths where they croſs a ſkirt of wood ſo as to take them by the neck. The hinds are as good now as ever, and the dry ones very fat.

L. 265. "Of beaver too." It is a difficult thing to catch beaver after the ponds are frozen up, unleſs a man underſtands it well and has a good dog to find them when they will not return to their houſes, but lie out under a hollow bank; but let him underſtand it ever ſo well, he will kill twenty before the ponds are frozen, for one afterwards.

L. 269. "The eider-ducks." They fly to the ſouthward in large flocks at the approach of winter; and, as they trim round certain points of land, people make a blind there, and kill great numbers.

L. 275. "The ponds are now." All ponds and ſtill waters are commonly frozen faſt by the end of October, ſometimes ſooner; rivers by the middle of that month, and the harbours by the end of it.

L. 277. "Nets for amphibious ſeals." The ſeals are killed in nets moored properly for the purpoſe. They generally appear firſt about the third week in Nov. and go away about the 20th of December; theſe are what we call the winter

ſeals,

ſeals, or harps, and their young called bedlamers; they come from the northward in large ſhoals, and go to the ſouth part of Newfoundland, where they remain till ſpring, and then return to the northward again: many are killed in their return within the Straits of Belliſle, but none to the northward of that; and I muſt be underſtood to deſcribe what paſſes on that part of the coaſt.

L. 291. "Shift now your fox-traps." The path-work being now over, and the ſnow drifting with every freſh blaſt of wind, traps muſt not be placed near any buſhes, &c. for they will ſtop the drift and bury them for the whole winter.

L. 293. "Bait and conceal." Traps placed in paths are never baited.

L. 295. "Wolves too." The wolves now quit the woods and reſort to the barrens after the deer, which are obliged to live on the barren hills all winter. As the woods now are full of ſnow, ſhort herbage is always to be met with on what are called the barrens, the wind blowing the ſnow off.

L. 297. "Now to his cave." The Black Bear not being able to kill any animal food excepting fiſh in ſhoal water, and being very fond of berries, lives entirely on them from the middle of Auguſt, unleſs he chances to meet with any dead beaſt or fiſh. The ground being now frozen and covered with ſnow, he retires into a cave, and there ſleeps till April, never coming out unleſs a thaw happens in the winter, and then only to lap a little water. It is an erroneous notion to ſuppoſe that he ſubſiſts by ſucking his paws, for, could he extract nouriſhment from them, he would ſuck himſelf to death before ſpring. He does not ſeem to ſleep ſo ſound but the noiſe of digging to him will awake him, but he is then very ſtupid, has no inclination to come out of his cave, and, conſequently, is eaſily killed. He is found either by diſcovering his cave in the ſummer time, and marking the neareſt tree to it, or by a dog winding him through a ſmall hole in the ſnow, which his breath keeps open.

L. 299. "Not ſo the White one." The White Bear roves about all winter, goes out to the off-edge of the ice and kills ſeals, or catches fiſh in ſuch parts of rivers as are kept open by the rapidity, or particular ſet of the current. If a dog ſeizes a bear behind, he keeps turning round trying to get hold of him. His attention being thus taken up, a man may go cloſe up to him and ſhoot him with the greateſt ſafety; but if the dog fights at his head, he is ſure to be killed or lamed, and then the bear attacks the man.

L. 313. "If light the fleecy ſnow." The hooſs of the rein-deer are ſo large, and ſpread ſo much that he will not ſink in light ſnow as a wolf or dog does; but a wolf or grey-hound have more ſpeed on hard ſnow, or firm ground. Deer will turn on a wolf or dog when they come up with them, and they kick deſperately.

L. 325 "In yon birch grove." Making of caſks and hoops, building of ſhips, boats, &c. ſawing of plank and board, cutting timber for building houſes and other purpoſes, are winter-works, and the crews live in the woods for thoſe purpoſes.

"On

L. 335. " On Rabbit." Rabbits always live in the woods; they are but ſmall and poor, and do not burrow, but ſit upon the top of the ſnow as a hare does Grouſe retire from the barrens to the birch woods and alder beds about Chriſtmas, where they live on the buds of thoſe trees. Spruce-game and Porcupines always live in the woods, and in the winter the former live on the leaves, and the latter on the rind of the ſilver fir; though porcupines will alſo eat the rinds of other trees, where firs are ſcarce.

L. 339. " The Sun now." The heat of the ſun towards the end of March melts the ſurface of the ſnow, which being frozen again by the night froſts, cauſes ſo great a reflection that few people's eyes can bear it, and it brings on ſuch an inflammation upon the ball of the eye as to cauſe the ſame ſort of feel and pain as if the eyes were filled with the fineſt ſnuff, occaſioning total blindneſs: the beſt cure is to foment them often with warm water, and keep them from all light.

L. 344. " And now the ſealers." The ſeals remain whole under the ſnow all winter, froze hard; they are ſkinned out in April and May, and the fat rendered out by fire.

L. 356. " With ſledges now." The board, plank, timber, for building, &c. are left in the woods all winter; and now the ſnow being ſaddened with the mildneſs of the weather, and heat of the ſun, and hard frozen all night by the froſt, which is ſtill very ſharp, the people hale them out to the water-ſide on ſledges, generally working late and early, ſometimes all night, as from ten in the morning till four in the afternoon the ſnow is very rotten if the ſun is out bright.

L. 360 " The Winter-Crews." As ſoon as the harbours break up, the winter-crews return to the head ſettlement where the merchant lives, and carry their work home, and then are properly diſpoſed of for the ſummer's fiſheries; ſome to catching and curing of cod-fiſh, others to the ſalmon-ports.

F I N I S.